

Select Poetry.

THE OLD-FOGY MAN.

He was a queer, old-fogy man,
And lived in a queer old house,
And called against the rookiest speed
Of these fast modern days.
He once could travel lightly,
And stop his friends to talk;
But now they rushed him through by steam,
And rode him on a rail.
That good old couch was fast enough
For prudent folks to go,
And say "twas rather slow."
And so they rush upon the train,
And speed like thought away.
But a smash-up breaks their bones,
And nothing is left but a heap.
He lived old-fashioned spinning-wheels,
The music of their hum
Was far more dear to his old ear
Than any modern hum.
But at last, his wheels were gone,
Since Whitney made his gin;
No more we hear the thrifty hum—
No more the spinning spin!
The rosy girls of olden time,
Sunburnt, were firmer made
Than these, the latest tender shoots
That grow up in the shade.
They did their mother's heavy work,
And eased her weary hands;
And sometimes, too, if brothers failed,
Could help to do a man's.
Their dresses, made with easy fit,
Gave not a pin a headache;
They had the simple room to breathe,
Their lungs had room to breathe—
Unlike our present girls, with waists
Too much compressed and slight,
Who, to their bustle and corset,
Are very often "tight."
They let not fashion dwarf their forms,
But grew to comely size,
And basked alone on their brows
And sparkled from their eyes;
They thanked kind heaven for all its gifts,
And thought, with grateful pride,
That they were beautiful enough,
And they were satisfied.
But now our modern girls, alas!
Think Providence unkind
For putting too much in the midst
And not enough behind;
And so they bustle round and lace,
To mend such clumsy ways,
And think they far outshine the girls
Of good old-fogy days.
He wished, he said, for their sweet ankles,
That Fashion's torturing vice
Would ease them up a little,
And less pinching would suffice;
That they might feel the bounding health
Around the heart that plays,
When all unfettered as it was
In good old-fogy days.

THE JUGGLERS OF SIAM.

The jugglers of the East have from time immemorial furnished material for travelers' tales, each one more wonderful than the other, until the climax has been reached in the account of a correspondent of the New York World, who writes from Saigon under date of November 28, the story of the performance of the "Sacred troop" of Siam, whose members claim to be of the royal race. These jugglers, whose present chief is called Tepoda, are from Pakkai, and only give exhibitions on occasions of great festivals or funerals, and generally at long intervals of time. The performances always take place in one of the great pagodas, and only in the presence of persons of the highest rank and of a few privileged classes. The correspondent claims that he obtained the privilege of attending in disguise as an extraordinary favor in return for having effected a remarkable cure of a disease with which the favorite wife of Prince Phai-Tape was afflicted. Carefully disguised in Siamese costume, he accompanied the Prince and his eldest son, Woon-Tape, on November 16, to the pagoda of Luthia, where the performance was to be held in honor of the young King of Siam's coronation. We give the rest in his own words, for it is one of those stories which, whether true or not, are certainly well told.
The pagoda itself is an immense round building with a square top, like a gasometer, and rimmed around with a gallery supported by gigantic columns, painted a vivid red, and dashed over with a dusting of gold, giving them a peculiarly brilliant effect. Underneath this portion the building was entered by eight tall doorways, each grotesquely sculptured with griffons, crocodiles, and serpents. Behind the building, like a pile of plates narrowing to a candle-extinguisher at the apex, rose the characteristic bell-core of all these temples. It was multitudinous with bells, banners, gay lanterns, bright streamers. It was elaborately, even grotesquely ornamented, gilded, colored, and decorated with curiously shaped squares of porcelain, so that it was almost too dazzling in the sunshine to gaze at for any length of time. At its base a forest of small pagodas clustered, crowding up to the very base of the columns supporting the temple gallery.
Soundatch and Woon-Tape, each holding me by the arm, now directed me towards one of the doorways of the temple. It was guarded by two men with drawn swords and very fierce apect, who stood in front of a heavy drapery of red cloth that completely concealed the interior of the temple from outside eyes. As a triple password these men admitted my companions, but tossed their swords before my breast. Soundatch whispered in the ear of the elder of the two—he started, gazed at me intently, but did not withdraw his barrier. Woon showed him a signet. He took it and reverently placed it upon his forehead, yet still he refused to admit me. There was a controversy between the doorkeeper and my companions, and at last the elder guardian whisked shrilly upon a bone pipe tied about his neck with a strand of silk. A tall man suddenly

appeared, I could not see from whence. He was middle-aged, athletic, and had a most peculiar cunning, self-possessed look of person and intelligence.
"Tepoda!" exclaimed both of my companions at once, but the man, who was dressed except for a brass-clout, took no notice of them. He put his hand heavily, but not unkindly upon my breast, gave me a piercing, long look, and said, in excellent French, "Are you a brave man?"
"Try me?" I said. Instantly, without another word, he banded my eyes with a part of the long white robe I wore; he stepped back, and I found myself in the center of a circle of eyes.
In my ears, "Koua wou, for your life!" and the next moment I found myself seized in the hands of several strong men, and borne some distance along a devious way, ascending and descending several times. At last I was put down, the bandage was quietly removed, and I found myself squatted on a stone floor, between Soundatch and Woon-Tape, who with bowed heads and faces partly shrouded in their white robes, squatted like statues of Buddha, their knees and shins flat to the ground, their hands spread palm downward upon their knees, their eyes directed, and a look of devout reverence and abstracted meditation in their countenances. The light was dim to my unaccustomed eyes, but all around, as far as I could see, were white-robed worshippers crouched in the same attitude of silent reverence.

By degrees, as my eyes grew used to the dim gloom, I began to look about me. The place was a square vault, so lofty that I could not see the ceiling, and I should say not less than a hundred paces long and wide. All around the sides rose gigantic columns, carved into images of Buddha always, yet with a thousand variations from the central plan, a thousand freaks of fancy, a thousand grotesqueries, through which shone the more effectively for the departure, the eternal calm, the stagnant unperturbed ecstasy of spathy of Buddha's remarkable face, with the great pendant ears, and the eyes looking out beyond you into the supreme wisdom of Nirvana—a face that once seen can never be forgotten.
By degrees I came to see the plan of this evidently subterranean vault, and to look with wonder upon the simple grandeur of its massive architecture, which was severely plain, except so far as the carving of the great columns were. At the farthest end of the hall, resting against the columns, was a raised dais or platform, covered with red cloth. This stage was raised between three and four feet above the floor of the vault, and was about thirty-five or forty feet deep and one hundred and fifty broad. Behind it a curtain of red cloth hung down from the capitals of the towering columns. In front of the stage, just about the spot where the pulpit of the orchestra in a Greek theatre would be, was a tripod-shaped altar, with a broad censer upon it, in which was burning a scented oil, mixed with gums and aromatic woods, that diffused through the whole vault a pungent, sacramental odor.

Suddenly there was a wild and startling crash of barbaric music from under the stage—gongs, drums, cymbals, and horns—and with wonderful alertness and a really indistinguishable effect a band of naked men came out from behind the curtains, bearing each a scented torch in his hand, climbed the columns with the agility of monkeys, and lighted each a hundred lamps, strung from the base almost of the columns sheer up to the apex of the vault, which, I could now see, rose in a lofty dome, that doubtless pierced far up into the interior of the pagoda proper, the appearance of which outside I have described. The illumination from these multitudinous lamps was very bright and brilliant, too soft to be dazzling or overpowering, yet so penetrating and pervasive that one missed nothing of the perfect light of the day. I could distinctly trace the ascending and diminishing rings of the cupola above us, and the rows of brick work, only thinly white-washed, that supported it.

The din of the horrible orchestra increased, and a band of old women came out from under the stage singing (or rather shrieking out) the most diabolical chant that I ever heard. The red curtain fluttered a little, there was a dull thud, and there, right before us, shone like the center, stood a very old man, with wrinkled, with long hair and beard white as cotton fleecy. His finger-nails were several inches long, and his sunken jaws were horribly discolored with two long teeth, yellow and greivous. He was naked, except for a breech-cloth, and his shrunken muscles shone with oil. He took the censer in his hand and blew his breath into it until the flame rose twenty feet high, red and furious; then, with a sudden jerking motion, he tossed the burning oil toward the crowd of squinting spectators. I shot towards them a broad sheet of terrible flame—it descended upon them a shower of roses, jappines, more than could have been gathered in a cart. Turning the censer bottom upwards, he spun for a minute upon the point of his long thumb-nail, then flung it disdainfully away towards the audience. It struck the pavement with a metallic clang, bounced, and rose, with sudden expansion of wings, a shrieking eagle, frightened horribly, and seeking flight towards the summit of the dome. The old man gazed a moment upon the flame, then seized the tripod upon which the censer had stood, he sent its legs apart with a nervous hand, straightened them against his knee, and buried them, dextrally, towards the eagle. They glowed upwards with a gilded flash, and in-

stantly the eagle came fluttering down to the pavement in our midst, dead, and three horrible cobses coiled about him, and lifting their hooded heads defiantly and flashing anger out of their glittering eyes. The music shrieked still wilder, the snakes coiled and plaited themselves together in a rhythmic dance, lifting the dead eagle upon their heads, and presto! right in our midst there stood the tripod again, with its flickering flame, and its smoke-savored breath. A more perfect illusion never was seen.
"That is Norodom," whispered Woon-Tape in my ear. Another actor now came upon the stage whom I recognized to be the tall athlete, Tepoda. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woon-Tape informed me, was Minhman, a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tzin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe, unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Tepoda seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun round with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprang up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established, the boy Tzin-ki caught his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human joint-lever around. At last, showing lightning-like speed, Tepoda drew in his arm till the old man's white beard touched his body; there was a sudden strain, and the arm of men from being horizontal became perpendicular, Norodom's head, resting atop of Tepoda's, Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tzin-ki's head upon Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and presto! Tepoda drew upon the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tzin-ki's feet upon Minhman's head. Each had turned a summersault, and the column was broken!

I could fill several columns with descriptions of the most remarkable and unaccountable feats of magic performed by these wonderful jugglers, but I must refrain. One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and, borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with a robe. When the robe was lifted again, a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes, and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an ax. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, who, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepoda now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulder. With a short sword he guided the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon its hind feet, twined its trunk about one of the great columns, and reared trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared and Tepoda lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great bon constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

During three hours the exhibition continued, feats of the sort I have described, each more wonderful than the one that preceded it, following one another in rapid succession. I shall content myself with describing the last and culminating wonder of the startling entertainment.
A perfectly formed and most lovely nude girl sprang out upon the stage, and was hailed with universal exclamations of delight, everybody calling out her name, Luau-Prabana, as if it were a word of good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated feather work. A wreath of rosebuds crowned her soft, black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace, as well as a bracelet of red jewels and anklets. With a brilliant smile she danced exquisitely for some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then knelt and laid her head upon old Norodom's knee. The boy favored her with a fan made of amber, four leaves, Minhman, fetched a lotus-shaped golden goblet, and Tepoda poured into it from a quaint-looking flask a fluid of a greenish hue. Then old Norodom took the goblet and blew his breath upon the contents till they broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepoda extinguished with his breath, then Norodom held the goblet to Luau-Prabana's lips, and she drained the contents with a sigh. As if transfused she suddenly sprang to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin giddily around in one spot. First the boy, then Minhman, then Tepoda tried to arrest her, but they no sooner touched her than she repelled them with a shock that thrilled them as if she had imparted an electric spark to them. Spinning constantly, with a bewilderingly rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tzin-ki,

Minhman, and Tepoda in active pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, the three chasing. Tepoda seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her, it broke, and as she whirled along, a spray of rosebuds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful never was seen. And now a greater wonder. At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when, still revolving, she rose slowly into the air and floated gently over our heads towards the stage, scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in mid-air; then, with a slight wing-like motion of her arms, mounted up, up, up towards the loftiest arch of the vault overhead. Suddenly old Norodom seized a bow and arrow and shot towards her. There was a wild shriek, a rushing sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to the floor of the hall, and laid there an apparently bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously forth and bore her off in their arms.

Now, from behind the red curtain came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great leaden box, which they laid down in front of the stage. As they retired the old women came out, bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold-embroidered napery, upon which lay Luau-Prabana, decked forth in bridal garments, and sweetly sleeping. The couch with its sleeper was put quickly down upon the front of the stage and left there, while Norodom and Tepoda went to the leaden box, and with hot irons attempted to unseal it. "That is Stung-Tien's coffin," whispered Woon to me; "the old saint has been dead more than half a millennium."

Quickly, eagerly it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience falling out at last, a task box was discovered. This was prized open with a small crowbar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepoda and Norodom commenced to unwind this wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and folded away by Minhman, and at last, after at least one hundred yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry, shriveled mummy of a small, old man, as visible—eyes closed, flesh dry and hard—dead and dry as a smoked herring. Norodom tapped the corpse with the crowbar, and it gave a dull, wood-n sound. Tepoda tossed it up and caught it—it was stiff as a log. Then he placed the mummy upon Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censor burning with some pungent incense. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and prying open the mouth of the mummy with a cold chisel, showed that the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eyelids, nostrils, and ears. Then he and Tepoda mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censor upon the chest and withdrew a pace, while the drums and gongs and cymbals crashed and clattered, and the shrill, cackling treble of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

A breathless pause ensued—one, two, three minutes—and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censor. A moment later the thing sat up, and stared blinking and vacant out around the vault—an old, old, wrinkled man, with mumbling chops, a shriveled breast and belly, and little tufts of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Tepoda approached him reverently upon his knees, bringing a salver, with wine and wafer-cakes. The old man did not notice him, but ate, drank, then tottered to his feet, the feeblest, decrepit old dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the nude girl slumbering upon her couch; he snuffed feebly to her, and, mumbling, stooped as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. With a glad cry the maiden waked, clasped him in her arms and to her breast, and kissed him. Incomprehensible magic! He was no longer a nonagenarian dotard, but a full-veined, fiery youth, who gave her kisses for kisses. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there it was before our very eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, the chorus of the old women came out, and with strange Phallic songs and dances bore the two away—a bridal pair! I never expect again to behold a sight so wonderful as that whole transformation, which, I may mention, my learned Jesuit friend, to whom I described it, regards as a piece of pure symbolism. His explanation is too long and too learned to quote, but he connects this ceremony with the world-old myth of Venus and Adonis, and claims that it is all a form of Sun-worship.

The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the Phallic procession returned, but this time the Bayaderes did a strange triumph in her eyes, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sang into a dirge, the youth faded visibly; he was again the shriveled dotard; he sighed, then breathed no more. Luau-Prabana retired sorrowfully; Norodom and Tepoda wrapped the corpse again in its interminable shrouds, restored it to the coffin, sealed it carefully, and it was borne away again. The attendants climbed up to and extinguished the lights. I was blindfolded and borne away again. I found myself once more at the doorway of the temple in the broad sunshine with my friends—and the mystic ceremonies of the

great temple of Juthia was over, it may be for many years.

True Success in Life.

Success in life is not one chance, but a thousand. The special talent for any set be attained. The steps taken toward that end will prove of far greater consequence. You are a business man, perhaps, and your ventures have miscarried one after another, and now you look sadly back through a long list of disappointments and defeat. But meanwhile you are known to be a good man and true—a kind husband and father, a loyal citizen and a faithful friend—and many a man who has passed you in the race for wealth and fame may look with envy upon the love and respect you have gained by your personal character and services. Your want of success in business life may be due to some lack in yourself, or may be due to something adverse in your surroundings; but remember that, while your undertakings may fail over again, you yourself may be a glorious success. And here we touch upon the true solution of the whole difficulty. We are miserable and sad over our failures in life, because we mistakenly identify ourselves with the special object we have in view. But this is a great mistake. It is because we cherish this superficial philosophy of life which makes this end supreme and count for nothing the steps taken toward the end, that we produce such shallow and dishonest types of character at the present day—these shoddy contractors, flesh in the pen generals, sensational preachers and clap trap politicians.

No, we have a right to count effort as well as effect. Not the result of a course of conduct, but the motive and nature of it, are the all-important matters. You can not command success, whether the means employed be fair or foul, but it makes a great deal of difference to your personal character and to your fellow men what kind of methods you employ. The consequences of your actions are a great deal more important than the particular end they are intended to subserve. A good and honest man, who has already been successful in his business, and who is now endeavoring to do good, will be successful in his philanthropy, while a dishonest man, who has been successful in his business, will be unsuccessful in his philanthropy.

The Monkey and the Whiskey.

"A monkey had seen his master and his companions drinking. Finding a glass half full of whiskey, Jack drank it off. It flew to his head. He soon began to dance and skip about in the most ridiculous manner. Jack was drunk. Those who saw him were greatly amused with his performances. The next day they wanted to repeat the fun. His master looked about for him, but he did not make his appearance. On looking into his box, he was found lying down in the farthest corner. 'Come out,' said his master, afraid to disobey, poor Jack huddled out on three legs. His fore paw was on his head, saying, as plainly as possible, that he had a bad headache. They left him for a day or two to get well; and then took him to the drinking-place again. Jack looked at the glasses with terror, and erect behind a chair. When his master ordered him to drink, he sprang out of the room, and climbed, in an instant, to the top of the house. They called him down; but he would not come. His master shook his whip at him, but he grinned defiance. Then a gun was brought and pointed at him. Of all things, he was most afraid of a gun; but he only bobbed his head, and leaped to the other side of the roof. They went round and pointed the gun at him from that side. Then he sprang for the chimney, and, letting himself down into one of the flues, hid himself by his fore paw. He was willing to be smoked or singed rather than to be drunk. Then his master gave it up. Jack lived with him for several years after that, but nothing would ever induce him to touch a drop of liquor again."

That was a sensible monkey—a good deal more sensible than some men who are supposed to know better. Young men who waste their time in drinking-saloons never amount to much.
A lad rushing into the house of a neighbor a few days ago said: "Mammy sent me to bury a head of cabbage, and a little piece of meat to boil with it; want to bury a rat to patch seat of Bill's breeches; we are going to have a mighty cuttin' and slashin' to our house to-day; going to make Bill a new coat out'n dad's old one, and dad a new out'n an old blanket."

CLEANING STOVES.—Stove lustre, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy, and more durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new.

MATCHES WITHOUT SULPHUR.—According to a method patented in France, non-explosive, hygroscopic matches may be made by impregnating the wood with a fatty material. The inflammable compound consists of phosphorus 7, gum 7, nitrate of lead 40, glass powder 5, water 10 parts.

A Peoria citizen claims to have a stone that General Washington threw at a wood pecker on his father's cherry tree.

The time to Sell Produce.

The profits of farming depend largely upon the price received for produce. It is, therefore, and should be the study of every careful farmer, to sell his produce just at the time when it will yield the largest return for his labor. But it is very difficult to decide when this time comes. With perishable articles which must always be sold in their season, the price received depends largely upon the quality of the article, and the vigilance of the seller; but with grain, and other staples, which are of world-wide consumption, which will keep from year to year, and which may be shipped to all climates, at all seasons, it is not so easy to prophesy the fluctuations in the markets. Some farmers seem to rest contentedly in hope that future prices will be more favorable, and so hold their grain from month to month or sometimes from year to year. We see them cleaning out their granaries and corn cribs, just in time to fill them with the new crop after the mice, interest, shrinkage and insurance have eaten their full share, and when they can flay be spared. It is unnecessary to say that such a course is, nine times out of ten, unwise. Experience seems to prove that it is unwise to depend much upon our own reasoning in prophesying the changes in prices. Even information which we can glean from the newspapers is liable to lead us astray, for the price-currents are doubtless sometimes controlled by capitalists. We should aim at all times to keep ourselves thoroughly posted upon the real condition of the markets.

The natural time to sell produce is during the winter months, when we need not incur loss from neglect of our business. Unless some very good reason may be given, I think the hurry of spring work should never come on with our granaries still full of unsold products of the previous year.

"But would you sell in a rising market?" This depends upon your circumstances. If the markets had for some time been above the average, and the prices would pay me well for my labor and expense, I would not let the vernal months come on, even though the prices had not yet begun to decline. Purchasers are not apt to be particular as to the quality of what they buy, while the market is tending upwards, as they are when it tends downwards. If, however, the prices had ranged for a long time below the average rate, so that they must shortly advance, I should wait with caution. I always consider the loss from the interest on capital, the inevitable waste of grain, and the inconvenience of delivering it in a busy time, as offsets for a considerable advancement in price.

We shall gain nothing in the long run by excessive avarice. The cares that attend the fluctuations of the markets are appropriate for the speculator and capitalist, who have no other care to press upon their minds; but the farmer who in these days of security and inefficient help, secures and prepares for market a good crop of grain, has already had enough trouble with it, without spending the time which he needs for rest; or inviting gray hairs in worrying over the aggravating question of the future prospects of the markets.

MANURING FOR VEGETABLES.—J. B. Root, a successful market gardener of Rockford, Ill., states in the Fruit Record, or that he applies to his ground heavily in winter, broadcast, at the rate of forty loads per acre, well rotted manure, so that the soluble food is leached out and is at hand in the soil for the young vegetables in spring. In no other way can we make the same amount of manure tell so well, and he is never delayed a day in getting his manure out in spring before planting. The practice of winter manuring, the Country Gentleman has strongly urged for many years, is becoming more and more appreciated, and possesses many advantages; and although especially useful when applied to grass for inverting a sod in spring, we have long since found it efficacious when used on mellow or worked soil. Fresh manure may be used in this way to better advantage than the common mode of application, inasmuch as all the soluble parts are carried down and more finely diffused among the particles of the soil than can be done mechanically with the finest compost; while the coarse litter which remains, may be either left as a mulch, spaded in, or raked off, as may be most advisable.—Albany Cultivator.

MANURING SMALL FRUITS.—A correspondent desires to be informed what small fruits are most and what least benefited by manuring. In answer, we would say, in a general way, manure such small fruits as are perfectly hardy and which grow both the finest manure, and the coarsest, the productiveness of which is diminished too much by growing rapidly. Hence you will rarely find such great bearers as the Wilson strawberry manured too much, while black berries, which often grow seven or eight in a year, will commonly do better, bear better, ripen their wood more perfectly, and become harder, if manured little or none; and on naturally rich soil, they often do better to allow grass to grow in the rows. Slow growing grapes, like the Delaware, are better if enriched; strong growers succeed best if more cultivated without manuring. The practice must of course vary with the previous condition or fertility of the soil.—J.B.

Men of decision.—Judges.

Wit and Humor.

"How 'Tis Done."

The following conversation was overheard by a young man last Saturday night:
He.—"Miss—will you accept my arm?"
She.—"No, sir; I thank you."
He.—"You are going to take my arm?"
She.—"Not much if any."
He.—"Turning on his heels and leaving her abruptly: "Good night."
She.—"Forever."
He.—"Amen."
Thus they parted.
"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one!"
both now desolate, and all by a little foolish piece of trifling. Mr. Hall, if we were in your place, we would call on the young lady to-night, and have a first-class seasonal reconciliation. It is just so much fun for lovers to get mad on purpose to repent, and make up again. Twenty times would be about the right thing in "at-one-ment." We know how it is yourself.

NOT SCARED ABOUT IT.—A man accosted into one of our apothecary shops the other morning, and after spending a few moments looking into the show-case, and turning a piece of tooth-pick several times in his mouth, startled the clerk with the question:
"What's good to cure poisoning?"
"What kind of poisoning?" said the clerk.
"Well, laudanum poisoning," says the stranger.
"You see, the old woman took a couple of teaspoonfuls of laudanum and I kind of thought I'd better drop into a pill-shop and see what's good for her." (All this in a drawing, lazy voice.)
"Here John," shouted the clerk, "put up a strong emetic as quick as you can, and you sir, take it home, and give it to your wife, follow it up with strong coffee, and call a doctor."
"A doctor!" says the man, taking his medicine, "She don't waste no money on doctors, not if I know it."—Portland (Me.) Advertiser.

WANTING GOOD MEASURE.—In Dr. Robinson's address before the Congregational Convention he relates the following:
"I once married a couple, and the man said:
"Be short! be short!"
"I said: 'Yes, I can do it in three minutes; but it will last longer than that.'"
"That's right," he said.
I saw there was some little dissatisfaction on the part of the other half. I said:
"You don't want to have it too short?"
"No," he said. "A body don't want to get herself up for nothing."
Every now and then the types make an editor say things which cause his hair to stand on end. A Kentucky paper recently undertook to compliment a gentleman of its acquaintance by applying to him the tender epithets, "big-hearted, valiant soul." The next morning, when the editor opened his paper at the breakfast table, he found his friend spoken of as a "red-headed, malignant mule." It is alleged that the editor, in writing, in which the editor remonstrated with his companion for his carelessness prevented the latter from comfortably sitting down for several days after the interview.

That is the sweetest bell in the city." said Finer, as the vibrations reached his ear from a chariot lower. A pretty girl who was passing acknowledged the compliment with a blush and a languishing smile, while she murmured to herself: "He is very bold in his compliments for a stranger, but it's nice to be appreciated." Finer doesn't know to this day why he received so melting a smile from that pretty young lady.

An old man who was before the San Francisco Police Court, the other day, charged with drunkenness, arose majestically in the dock and defied the law to do its utmost. Placing one hand on top of his head he exclaimed: "Let fall thy shears on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life." He was bald-headed.

One of our contemporaries states that a much ruffled young lady of his acquaintance, with four button kid gloves, refused to go out and take music lesson last Saturday, because her mother had neglected to darn a hole in her stocking just where it peeped over the edge of her boot. Some mothers are so careless and lazy.

Could anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he, "I see used to lifting barrels of sugar."

A little four-year-old girl of Branford, Ella Linsley, looked at the rainbow with great attention, recently, and then suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I don't see it doing to play croquet. He's got His wicket set."

Pretty bad under foot, said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."

Miscellaneous

FOR SPRING CROPS

USE
BAUGH'S
MADE MARK
RAW BONE
Super Phosphate

QUALITY HIGHLY IMPROVED.
STANDARD WARRANTED TO EVERY BUYER.
Rich in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphoric Acid
—especially adapted to Spring Crops
and to Top Dressing grain.

Pure Ground Bones.
Pure Bone Meal.
And Fertilizing Supplies.

Baugh & Sons,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
STORES (No. 20 S. DELAWARE AVE., PHILA.)
Feb. 21-26.

LOVERS OF FINE POULTRY!

The undersigned would respectfully call your attention to the choice collections of

FINE FOWLS

which he is now offering for sale (for breeding purposes) at very low prices, considering the high standard of the their pedigree. The varieties consist of the following:

"DARK BRAHMS" bred from "WILLIAMS,"

"HEMPSTERS" and "IMPORTED STOCK."

"PARTHURGE COCHINS," bred from IMPORTED STOCK.

"BUFF COCHINS," bred from "CHURCHMAN'S STOCK."

"WHITE LEIGHORNS," bred from a splendid series purchased of Mr. Boardman Smith, of Ohio, one of the most successful breeders of this variety in the world.

Bronze Turkeys, from B. F. Lewis' prize Stock.

Eggs of all the above for sale. Call and examine them, or address

HENRY CLAYTON,
MT. PLEASANT, DELAWARE.

P. S.—In order to make room for other breeding fowls, I will sell these Buff Cochins and White Leghorns for \$5.00 per pair.

January 17, 1874-17.

WILMINGTON AND READING RAILROAD.

ON and after Monday, February 23, 1874, trains will run over Reading Branch to and from Reading without change of cars, on following times:

Going Northward.
No. 1, 7:00 A. M.
No. 2, 7:30 A. M.
No. 3, 8:00 A. M.
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No. 613, 1:00 A. M.
No. 614, 1:30 A. M.
No. 615, 2:00 A. M.
No. 616, 2:30 A. M.
No. 617, 3:00 A. M.
No. 618, 3:30 A. M.